

Mentoring, Baby

By Doug Irving & Gary Randolph



Theme and Purpose

When Jesus was asked what was the greatest commandment, he replied by listing two commandments that he apparently considered inextricably linked: Love the You're your God with all your heart, mind, and soul and love your neighbor as yourself. We are meant to have not only a vertical relationship with God, but also horizontal relationships with brothers and sisters. American Christians too often have a "Lone Ranger" mentality. But the Biblical model is not for us to serve God alone. The New Testament is full of "one another's." And the purpose of spiritual gifts is so we can build up one another. That's what the Body of Christ is all about. We grow together, serve together, and love together in Christ.

Cast list	Steve – Middle-aged Christian man, a little uptight. Dressed in chinos and a golf shirt. Chris – Christian man, a little younger than Steve. In personality Chris is similar to Chris Farley or to John Candy's character in Planes, Trains, and Automobiles - sometimes erratic and a little irritating. Dressed in blue jeans or shorts and a Hawaiian shirt. Pastor
Approximate Running Time	7 minutes
Scene Description	The scene is inside the dorm where Steve and Chris have been staying on the mission trip. They are packing to go home from the missions trip.
Prop List	Dresser, table, suitcase, duffle bag, clothes in dresser
Other Production Notes	None.
Related Scriptures	Ecc. 4:9-12, Rom 15:7, Eph 4:2, Eph 4:11-13, 1 Cor. 12:21
Song Suggestions	We Are One in the Bond of Love, They'll Know We Are Christians By Our Love, Family of God, We Are United (Brooklyn Tabernacle)

Chris is sitting on the edge of the table, bouncing a ball on the floor, on the table, maybe even off Steve. Steve is removing shirts one-at-a-time from the dresser, carefully folding them, and carefully placing them in a suitcase.

Steve: *(noticing Chris' inactivity)*

So, Chris, here we are on the last day of the workcamp.

Chris: *(not paying attention)*

Hmmm...

Steve: *(trying another tack)*

Yeah, it's been a good week, but now it's time to pack it up.

Chris continues to bounce ball, perhaps performing a complicated series of skillful bounces.

Chris:

Hmmm...

Steve: *(a little more obvious)*

We'll be hitting the road soon... once we get packed, that is.

Chris: *(agreeing enthusiastically but still not getting it)*

Mm-hmm...

Steve: *(pointedly)*

Hey! Chris! You gonna start packing?

Chris:

Huh? What? Oh sure. I'll pack.

Chris pulls one drawer out of the dresser and pours the contents into a duffle bag. He shuts it and returns to sitting on the edge of the table, playing with the ball.

Chris:

There. All packed. Hey, Steve, you better hurry, man. We have to get on the road soon. But we can't until we're packed. (*Steve shakes head in disbelief*) Hey, Steve, you want me to help you pack? I can help you. Nooo problem-o. (*places ball on table and starts to grab some of Steve's clothes and ball them up.*)

Steve:

Aw, Chris, you don't have to help.

Chris: (*continues wadding up Steve's clothes*) Hey, after all you've done for me. I want to help, man.

Steve: (*afraid*)

No. No, really, Chris.

Chris:

No, really, Steve.

Steve tries to take a shirt out of Chris' hands. A tug-of-war ensues.

Steve:

Now, Chris!

Chris:

Now Steve.

Steve:

Chris!

Chris:

Steve!

Just then the shirt rips. They each look at the pieces in their hands and then each other.

Chris:

Whoa! You know, Steve, you really shouldn't have been tugging so hard. That was a nice shirt, man.

Steve: (*steamed*)

Yes. Yes, it was.

Chris:

You know, they said they were looking for cleaning rags. This would probably be a really nice rag now. Maybe I'll just take it on down to the kitchen.

Steve: *(through gritted teeth)*

Yes, that would be a good idea, Chris. Why don't you go... do that... Chris. Right now.

Chris takes a couple of steps away, then turns back and yanks the other piece out of Steve's hands. Chris exits.

Steve continues packing while Pastor comes in from opposite side of stage.

Pastor:

Hi, Steve. This has been a great missions trip, hasn't it?

Steve:

Hi pastor. Yeah it's been a good time. Of course, *(picking up Chris' ball and looking at it)* some parts were better than others. *(resumes packing)*

Pastor:

I think one of our big successes was you and Chris. I couldn't help but notice how much Chris likes being around you.

Steve: *(shudders)*

Oh, believe me, I've noticed that, too. But we're going back home today. So that's all coming to an end.

Pastor:

Why does it have to end?

Steve: *(suddenly scared, fumbles with the shirt he's folding and drops it)*

W-w-w-what are you talking about, Pastor?

Pastor:

I've been thinking about Chris. What he needs is a mentor, someone to bring him along in the faith, spend time with him.

Steve:

Yeah. Spend time with him. (*Shudders*) That's a lot of time, Pastor. Do you have that kind of time? Cause I know I'm pretty busy.

Pastor:

Missions isn't just a one-week work camp. It's a lifestyle of investing in people. People like the folks here who we helped this week. People like Chris, who will be the next leaders for the church.

Steve:

Chris leading the church? (*sarcastically*) That's an encouraging thought.

Pastor:

Let me ask you this, Steve. Can you think of anyone in the Bible that Chris reminds you of?

Steve:

Chris like someone in the Bible? (*sardonically*) I don't know. Balaam's donkey, maybe.

Pastor:

Well, he does talk a lot.

Steve: (*through clinched teeth*)

That wasn't what I meant.

Pastor: (*reprovingly*)

Steve, that's not very nice. (*Steve hangs head*) I was thinking more of Peter - a little loud and rough around the edges, but with a lot of potential.

Steve: (*not buying it*)

Uh-huh. Lookit. I know Chris needs somebody to walk with him, to bring him along in the faith, but I'm not sure...I mean...well...I don't think that...OK...How 'bout I just think about it?

Pastor:

Well, alright. I'll leave you to think about it while you pack. I'll just say this: you should listen to what God tells you to do.

Steve: *(groaning half-jokingly)*

I hate it when you say to listen to what God tells me to do!

Pastor exits. Steve stands staring blankly into space. He is oblivious as Chris comes back in. Chris watches Steve for a few moments, slowly walking around him.

Chris:

Steve? Dude? You okay, man?

Steve: *(startled)*

Oh, Chris. Hi. *(Pauses for a beat. Looks at Chris and starts to speak. Pauses for another beat.)*
Chris... there's something maybe we ought to talk about.

Chris:

Hey, I'm sorry about your shirt, dude.

Steve:

What? No, not that. It's ... *(Steve rocks back and forth a little)* I think I need to sit down. I'm feeling a little woozy.

Chris:

Dude, don't hurl. Breathe deeply, man.

Steve sits on the edge of the table.

Steve:

Well, it's just that... I was thinking... I mean, sometimes... Uh... Do you like breakfast, Chris? I like breakfast. That's a good meal. And coffee. That's a good time to talk, don't you think?

Chris:

Dude?

Steve:

Well, there's lunchtime - less of a time commitment. Gotta watch the clock at lunchtime! It's quality time that counts, anyway, am I right?

Chris:

Steve, you're starting to scare me, man.

Steve:

Of course mentoring takes time. (*overwhelmed*) Lots of time. (*Looks at Chris, continues more slowly*) Lots and lots of one-on-one time. So much mentoring to do. And I'm not getting any younger.

Chris:

Steve...

Steve:

Where would we meet? Not any place too public.

Chris:

OK. Chill, Steve!

Steve:

OK. OK. This is a good thing. This is a good thing. It has to be good if it's what God wants me to do. (*pause for a beat*) Or Africa! Ooh, yeah! That would be better. (*snaps fingers*) I could just go to Africa! That's the ticket.

Chris:

Steve.

Steve:

Or maybe the Caribbean...

Chris:

You're babbling, man!

Steve: (*crazy laugh*)

You're right. I'm babbling. I'm babbling now. This is just fabulous! I'm committing to something and I really oughta be committed! "Bring him along in the faith," he says! "Spend time with him," he says. Five minutes later and I'm babbling! I'm going crazy...

Chris:

Hey! Shut Up!

Steve: (*a beat*)

Huh? Never saw that coming.

Chris:

Yeah. That was totally weird! Anyway, what was all that about?

Steve: *(takes a breath)*

Well, how about breakfast next Tuesday?

Chris:

Cool! I can do next Tuesday. Is that all you wanted to ask? Dude! I thought you were going to have a heart attack or something.

Steve: *(tentatively, like "This is really gonna hurt.")*

Well, how about breakfast ev-ev-er-er-ery Tuesday?

Chris:

Sweet! Yeah. Steve and Chris! Chris and Steve! Tuesdays! Breakfast, baby!

Steve: *(closes suitcase and touches Chris on the shoulder)*

Sure. Breakfast *(pause a beat, then making quote signs with fingers)* "baby." Let's hit the road, buddy! We've got a long way to go.

Steve and Chris exit.

Fade to black

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